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AT FIFTY-EIGHT YEARS

Wilhelm II, German Emperor, King of Prussia, celebrates his fifty-eighth birthday this twenty-seventh of January, 1917.

His fame needs no eulogist; his conception of his duty to the people of the German empire, the charge entrusted to him, has been written large upon the page of history. Throughout the period of a full generation of men he has consistently made all else in his empire give way to its military strength; its naval strength, an afterthought, has been built up with equal assiduity. Since August, 1914, Wilhelm II has accepted the destiny which he has chosen for his royal and imperial house. Today he stands in the full light of a whole world's opinion the responsible center and mainspring of such military and naval activity as the world has not seen heretofore. He is the central figure of interest in the whole world today, not only scrutinized by his own subjects but by men and women of all civilized nations.

What does Wilhelm II think of himself, of his empire, of his tradition, of his personal and dynastic fame, as he stands before the world today? What use has he made of his fifty-eight years of honored and powerful life?

EFFICIENCY ON CAPITOL HILL

Periodically somebody in Congress proposes an efficiency survey of the Federal departments. Occasionally a President appoints an efficiency commission to go over them. One Senator this week suggested that some bureaus be abolished, altogether.

"The Nation" calls attention to the curious sort of efficiency exercised in Senate debates. The other day when the legislative, executive, and judicial appropriation bill was before that body its members spent a solid two hours in discussing whether clerks to members of the House ought to be put on the payroll in their own names, or whether the money should continue to be paid through the Congressmen who employ them. Later the same afternoon more than an hour more was taken up with discussion of the vital question of whether the office of the adjutant general should be allowed sixty-one assistant messengers or only forty.

Will some efficiency expert please figure out how much of the country's money was spent on that one day, in futile harangue, assuming the service of Senators is worth par salary value?

It would be highly illuminating if the United States Bureau of Efficiency were called upon to report on the legislative methods on Capitol Hill.

"COLOR MUSIC"

The Motet Choral Society is to give Washington a taste, or more accurately, a glimpse, of color music. Similar efforts in other cities have encountered the scoffers who are always with us. But is not any such effort to develop a new art, or, in this case, to combine old ones, worthy of sober consideration?

Every now and then artists emerge with something our previous philosophy had not dreamed of. The impressionists most recently did this in painting, and before the seers died down, the critics and the public were paying them high honor. Combinations of sensory impressions to give augmented pleasure are not novel, though the relation between sight and hearing has not yet been clearly established. Psychologists have shown the affinity of taste with smell, for example. Most of the gradations in taste depend upon smell and sight, for there are now said to be only four elemental taste qualities.

The combination of sound and movement is as old as art itself, and has recently experienced a regeneration under the name of interpretative and rhythmic dancing. Turning back to the psychological laboratories again, recent experiments have sought to establish a connection between the sound of certain words and taste sensations, because persons have been found to whom proper names suggest certain foods.

Why, for that matter, we keep on discovering, or rather classifying, new sensations. In addition to the five sense avenues of tradition, there are now known to be the kinesthetic sense, that which makes us aware of the movements of our own members, and the static sense, by which we maintain our equilibrium.

Persons who scoff at "color music" may long have been referring to "tone color." This is an unconscious admission, perhaps, that there is some suggestion of color in music. Certainly the fact that music arouses

visual imagery long has been admitted; why not permit color to enter into the imagery?

Art has a habit of developing many crevices and crannies in the human brain, and these strange sensations in chasing from neuron to neuron wear paths that may parallel each other, a fact that has been left for artists to discover before now.

HISTORY HAS NOT STOPPED

When President Wilson declared against "universal military service" he evidently meant "universal military training." All able-bodied citizens of the United States between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years are already subject to military service in emergency. The only question at issue is whether each citizen should be prepared by a minimum of training on the Swiss or Australian or Argentine plan to render that service in the manner best calculated to assure his personal safety as well as that of his country. Mr. Wilson thinks not.

Since the President has gone on record thus unequivocally it is well to consider what the ultimate result to the American people is certain to be "unless," as Rear Admiral Fiske says, "history has come right up to the present and stopped." Mr. Wilson favors sticking to the regular army supplemented by a volunteer militia, as at present. He ignores totally the fact that all efforts to recruit the regular army even up to the 120,000 maximum authorized in the border crisis—a figure 20,000 or more line troops short of the minimum fixed by the Hay bill—has failed utterly. He ignores the fact that the national guard, for which recruiting proved equally unsatisfactory in the emergency, faces disintegration because the present members, unwilling to lay themselves liable to further border police duty, are not re-enlisting, and fewer and fewer new members are coming in.

Mr. Wilson thus views complacently the prospect of the country finding itself involved in troubles beside which the Mexican imbroglio will appear like a Sunday school picnic. For there is no foretelling into what complications his ill-considered "concert of power" program may get us. And we will be caught without a defensive military establishment as strong even as the one which has just demonstrated its futility before our eyes. Talk of increasing the regular army at the present rate of pay is idle and to increase the pay would be to add unreasonably to a military budget already excessively great in comparison with what we get in return for it. If the actual menace of the militia, as a system, when depended upon for first line duty has been brought home to Americans by the present mobilization, there remains only one way for them to learn.

And when the American people do learn—unless history has stopped right here—they, and not President Wilson, will pay a tuition fee in blood, not to mention treasure, which will be appalling. Even if the American people sustain the first shock and gain time to prepare, as the British have had to prepare after the assault because they would not heed the warning of Lord Roberts, the initial cost in human life, which could be reduced by universal military training, will be frightful because of the inefficiency of our fighting machine.

Greater still than this danger in which Mr. Wilson places the country by advocating what can be resolved into nothing other than unpreparedness is the danger with which the very spirit of Americanism is threatened by his statement that "no service except a standing army with professional soldiers prevents that occasional and frequent withdrawal of men from civil pursuits." A standing army can give no such guarantee, but that is less important than the encouragement given by this sentiment to the un-American theory—all too popular—that the protection of liberty is a job for hirelings and is beneath the intelligent citizen. There is no getting away from this: The only "rights" an American citizen has are the privileges and advantages which, in the last resort, he may have to defend with his life. And, under the conditions of modern warfare, a citizen might as well be unwilling as untrained to give this personal service.

BACK INTO CIRCULATION

Agglomerations of money often show strong cohesions, but under the laws of this country they are bound to break up after a certain number of years. A striking present instance is the division of an estate of \$1,250,000 between 438 heirs, some of whom will receive only \$63 each, which sum is reckoned to be one-twenty thousand one hundred and sixtieth part of the residuary estate. These heirs are of the seventh generation.

The case is interesting from its very complexity, and affords evidence that the law is abundantly able to effect equitable division of estates, even in the absence of explicit testamentary instructions; in the present case, since the estate has been in the hands of trustees for a little more than fifty years, their work of fixing of heirship at the

present time has been the work of scholars and genealogists as well as lawyers.

Miss Sylvia Ann Howland died in New Bedford, Mass., in 1865, and left a residuary estate of about a million and a quarter in trust for the life interest of her niece, who afterward became Mrs. Hetty Green. Mrs. Green's death last July terminated her interest and the estate has now been divided among the descendants of Miss Howland's grandfather, who had thirteen children, the last of whom died in 1857, and the forty-six grandchildren, including the woman who created the trust. Under the Massachusetts law, the trustees decided that the descendants of the forty-two grandchildren not specifically provided for inherit one-fifty-fifth of the trust fund, and "when there were no living members of any generation in descent from a grandchild, that generation should be passed over and the division made in equal shares among the next generation in which there were living members." The report of the trustees contains many unusual details, and the definite authority of a disposition carrying on through many years is made very clear.

A SCHOOL SURVEY

The Cleveland Park School and Community Association plans a survey of the school facilities within its territory. The results ought to be enlightening.

In some sections of this city such a census would show grade overcrowding beyond the utmost stretching point of teaching efficiency. Small children being kept away from kindergartens because there are no available classes near enough. Children going to schools too far away from their homes because those nearby are overfull.

This is not the fault of the Board of Education. It is the fault of Congress, which refuses to build schools for Washington to keep up to present needs, let alone future needs.

Such a survey as that undertaken by the Cleveland Park community ought to be pressed by every home and school association and parent-teacher body in the city. The result would be an array of facts that might make an impression on Capitol Hill.

SPEAKING OF WORDS

When the editors of the funny columns run out of humor they begin examining words. One has found that there are single track words, just as surely as single track minds. "Inadvertent," for example. Ever hear of an inadvertent act? He suggests compiling a dictionary of such words as a useless occupation for a rainy afternoon.

Of making dictionaries there seems to be no end. Wiltsch has just completed a volume of similes. Max Eastman suggests one for slang. We recall vaguely hearing that such an one already has been prepared.

This being the open season for dictionary devising we modestly advance our idea of one. It has great possibilities. (That is how they all start out.) In this era of the high cost of white paper why not a dictionary with the words everybody knows left out? For academic purposes Webster's Unabridged still may survive. But why should the person who likes to grab a handy volume for a word he does not know be compelled to handle some 50,000 words he does know? That looks to us like horrible inefficiency, effort which might be represented in 150 or 200 of our daily allotment of 3,000 calories.

By the way did anyone ever seize a dictionary to look up the word "dictionary"? But it is right there.

FINDINGS IN NEW YORK

Money on a taxicab floor, skulls in an excavation—these are among the wonders reported in a day's news of the city. On the face of the findings there may be a certain strangeness in the stories. But New Yorkers pay little attention to them, partly because they are hardened to sensations of every kind and partly, it may be, because a moment's thought supplies perfectly reasonable and simple explanations.

The slightest element of mystery will get and keep the attention of this public for days or weeks. But there is no mystery in these tales. The money was dropped in the taxi by a fare that jumped out the window in fear of being killed by a meter gone mad. The skulls are those of straphangers who went to a place where there was to be a subway entrance on the morning of a day service was to have begun and died waiting for a train.

We do not mean to be jocular at Pittsburgh's misfortune. But one can't help remarking that where there has been so much smoke there had to be a fire.

Why doesn't Mrs. Byrne mediate her hunger strike and try Mrs. McClary's caloric menu for a time?

The "hesitation" is to be barred at the suffrage dance tonight. How about substituting the "sentinel shuffle" or the "picket promenade"?

No kick against a Shakespeare memorial monument, but the best sort of a memorial for him yet devised is the occasional presentation of one of his plays.

Don Marquis' Column

Speeding Up Production.

The other day we read a news story to the effect that cows give more milk if they listen to music while we suppose the music excites the cow emotionally; she loses her prudice, and is unable to hold back enough milk for a starter for next time; she gives herself, as some of the poets would say, utterly. And underly.

From a Journal called Electrical Merchandising we learn that:

"Wildred Smith, of Woodstock, Vt., has caused a very large increase in the egg output of his hens by placing a 100-watt tungsten light in the coop. By turning on the light at 4 a. m. during winter mornings, Mr. Smith has increased the hens' day by three hours, thus giving them that much more time to scratch for food and to yuck up their minds to deliver the goods. The shades of evening can also be artificially deferred by a like interval at will. In one winter month under natural lighting the poultry fancier in question obtained 150 eggs from twenty-six hens. This struck him as being a pretty low efficiency. So he installed the tungsten light in his poultry palace, with the result that the same month of last winter he obtained 850 eggs from forty-six hens."

This may be efficiency. But is it not also a bit underhanded to come it that way on the simple-minded, guileless lower animals? Is it not in effect taking away from them by trickery not only their food but their output produced with sober joy. But give them the flattery of a brevier type, toward the top of the column, and it excites them like wine and lights and music; they will work themselves to death to produce more. We would advise them; it is not good for them; it is not fair to them. No columnist has a right to pull out of a poet five years of song in one year and then cast off that hard dumb for evanescence. Efficiency is a very well, but there is also such a thing as being kind to the helpless.

We have never experimented with cows or hens, but we know something about contributors. Put them in a cage, and they sulk. Put them in nonpareil, and they deliver steadily and doggedly. Give them mince type and you depend upon a meager output produced with sober joy. But give them the flattery of a brevier type, toward the top of the column, and it excites them like wine and lights and music; they will work themselves to death to produce more. We would advise them; it is not good for them; it is not fair to them. No columnist has a right to pull out of a poet five years of song in one year and then cast off that hard dumb for evanescence. Efficiency is a very well, but there is also such a thing as being kind to the helpless.

—O. M. DENNIS.

Some months ago the friends of Archy, unable to conceal their interest any longer, began to send insects to us by mail. The idea was, perhaps, that Archy, condemned to the society of humans and poets, might be languishing for the lack of associations more distinctly entomological. At any rate, there was one week during which we received, in trust for Archy, boxes containing the following insects:

One croton bug, alive.
One small roach, gone before.
One small mutilated roach, gone quite a long way before.
One grasshopper, alive and voting.
One large roach, alive and suffering from overfeeding. In a box which contained also a piece of toast, plastered over with Welsh rabbit.
One small red and black spider, gone before.
One infinitesimal weaver, purporting to be the physical remains of a defunct flea.

None of these things was acknowledged at the time. It was evident that some little group of serious drinkers was spoofing us, and using Archy as a peg to hang their practical wit upon. We had no bird to feed the insects to, and we did not dare or care to encourage the spread of the pestilence by noting it in print. We sent Anne into the alley for a few weeks, hoping that when he emerged again the Cockroach Shower would have ceased.

But we received last week a pedestrian statue of Archy, which, because of its artistic excellence, we are obliged to notice and acknowledge. It is by Mrs. Helena Smith Dayton, and represents Archy as we ourselves have always imagined him to be—a bit of the scholar, with the scholar's stoop; a bit of the pedant, the highbrow, determined to mix his lowdowns on terms of equality—a superior insect, resolutely democratic for the moment because of what he might learn—a distinctly literary creature, reaching out to life for literary purposes only, and interested in nothing not susceptible of being ground into grit in the literary mill—not a cockroach reaching up into art from life, but a cockroach consciously condescending to life and leaning down to it from the pedestal of being being vulgar now and then with an effort and solely for the sake of capturing the franchise of the mortals—a supercilious cockroach, hiding his highbrowed determination to mix his lowdowns and conditions of men—a spy scurrying among the lower classes, so-called, for the purpose of reporting them amusingly to his particular clientele—a vera highbrow with \$10,000 a year income from his uncles—a creature enjoying his freedom from convention almost as something distasteful—a snob of a cockroach, bound to be a snob of a cockroach, because of his money and nobility, literary and otherwise, essentially human. And it is so that Archy's Sculptress has seen him; and she has conveyed in the Statue of Archy his knowledge of himself; he thinks sincerely that he is seeing life from the under side, whereas he brings to the examination of the under side his literary preconceptions and prejudices.

DON MARQUIS.

Here and There In the News

Another story from Alaska: Before the great rush of the gold-seekers began and provision had been made for the protection of life and property severe measures were adopted in the mining camps for the regulation of the whisky traffic. The rule was absolute prohibition except when a modicum of the stuff was kept on hand "for medicine." The owner of one of the best producers in the Territory concluded that he would dispose of his mine and found possible purchases in the States. The terms agreed upon, if the property panned out as represented, the would-be purchaser sent his expert to make thorough examination of the mine, and, as Bill Devery would say, "the appearances appeared thereto."

The meaning of the mine owner having thus been delicately conveyed to the appreciative soul of the superintendent, the expert was fairly uplifted by the warmth of the welcome extended to him at the end of his long journey. The inspection was placed upon the superintendent was "hospitality," and he would not hear a word from the visitor on the subject of business until this condition had been fulfilled.

Kept It in the Safe.

Conducting the expert to his office, the superintendent pointed out a great steel safe of the latest design, and in the eyes of the stranger no enterprise with a safe as big as that to be a lost venture. After much adjusting of the dials and numbers on the dial, the superintendent opened wide his treasure chest, and somewhere from the depths uplifted a great container of hospitality of the approved Scotch brand to the delight not least of the expert, the prize of the visitor. The initial step thus taken, the expert entered upon the real object of his visit and found abundant evidences of "pay dirt" all about the premises, and among the items of indifferent interest about the office a pan such as the miners employ in their work containing nuggets and shining dust of something like the value of \$30,000. The whisky was kept in the safe; the gold was lying around the office. The expert's opinion was expressed in simple form: "What a pan of gold to a pint of whisky!"

Charley Taft's Punishment.

"Spare the rod and spoil the child," is one of the most ancient of formulas for the bringing up of children, especially boy children; and Charley Taft, a now great big fellow at Yale, and as good as he is big, was a boy once. He was always very clever, and when he was in the rod state it was deemed proper on one occasion to administer such correction, as his infraction of the domestic rules seemed to require, and the punishment prescribed for the offense was to be administered by his father, who in an effort to make the lesson about to be taught more impressive, conducted the culprit into a chamber, and pulling down all the curtains, so as to shut out a cruel and unfeeling world, is reported to have said in his severest, if somewhat sorrowful, manner: "Charley, I am going to punish you." There seemed to be no escape from the impending fate; but the boy, who will some day be President of the United States, or, perhaps, a justice of the Supreme Court, was equal to the occasion, and "put it all over" paterfamilias by first admitting that punishment was the thing he deserved, and so admitting, said in tones of an overbearing affection:

"I know that I am a bad boy, but I have one request to make which I hope you will be able to grant." "I will if I can," replied the determined father, "what is it?" "Kiss me, father, before you whip me."

And father could not have whipped him then even if he had been President of the League to Enforce Peace.

Brunbaugh As a Spender.

Martin G. Brunbaugh is governor of Pennsylvania, and the people of that State are paying the freight. His salary is \$10,000 the year with allowances for the executive establishment, amounting to \$30,000, appropriated by the legislature in 1915. The facts are coming out in official reports which would probably never have come out if there had not been serious disagreement between the two factions of the party in power. There is on file in the office of the auditor general a great mass of vouchers which would seem to show that the governor has not been as frugal in his expenditures as his bringing up would warrant. The list cannot be here, but some of the items may be noted. One of these vouchers called for \$212.50 for 170 dinners at Juniata College, September 27, 1916. Another itemized account amounting to \$1,500 covered the expenditure of the governor for himself and his guests at Lewistown, Poland Springs, Bretton Woods, etc., from August 1 to October 1, 1916. Other items covered the expense of having his clothes pressed, his laundry bills, for porters and taxis and photographs and magazines and papers and all sorts of things.

Addicted to Tobacco Habit.

In the list of vouchers these three show that the governor is much addicted to the tobacco habit: July 12, 500 Admiralty cigars, \$22.50; July 12, 250 Admiralty cigars, \$27.50; July 16, 25 Admiralty cigars, \$27.50. On the last two days of October, 1916, the governor bought from D. D. Harry, a local cigar dealer, \$67 worth of fine cigars, and a month earlier \$46 worth of the same sort of goods. He also smoked cigarettes of the Egyptian variety that cost 20 cents the package, and he pays 75 cents a suit for having his clothes pressed. When he went to Philadelphia to attend the funeral of former Governor Pennypacker he rendered a bill for \$76.25 for "personal expenses," and so on down the list. It is really a great thing to be governor of a rich and powerful State like Pennsylvania; but besides being rich and powerful, Pennsylvania, since the time of Benjamin Franklin, has always wanted to get value received for whatever expenditures made in the public service. The governor would be wise if he could actually adjust his differences with Boies Penrose.

THE COMMENTATOR.

BRINGS SONG TO AID IN SAVING OF SOULS

Prof. Forest Cole, Choir Leader for Gypsy Smith, Jr., Has Important Role.

A medium-sized, well-built young man, strolled into Gypsy Smith's tabernacle today. He stamped his foot on the pulpit and listened. He whistled a little and listened again. Then he sang a few bars from a simple old fashioned hymn and listened some more.

You may have guessed that this young man, all alone in the great hall, stamping, whistling and warbling was a crank. But he wasn't. He was Prof. Forest Cole, choir leader for Gypsy Smith Jr., whose work is just as indispensable to this evangelist's success as Choirleader Rhodeaver's is to Billy Sunday.

Evangelist's "Advance Man." Prof. Cole was at the tabernacle to test the acoustics of the structure in which he will assist Gypsy Smith Jr. for a month, beginning tomorrow. He was there to see that everything was in readiness, not only for the chorus of 100 mixed voices, he will direct, but for the evangelist and the congregation as well.

Prof. Cole is "advance man" and "property man" for the evangelist. He always manages to reach the scene of a revival ahead of Gypsy Smith Jr., so as to attend to the finishing touches of the arrangements.

In addition to this he has charge of the musical feature of the evangelistic campaign, and also takes a prominent part in the welcoming of converts and in the work of persuading men and women past the indecision mark and into the realm of higher understanding and a better life.

Radiates Good Humor.

Prof. Cole is one of the youngest men engaged in evangelistic activities in this country. He confesses to all of twenty-nine summers, but his looks and manners are far more boyish.

He is about five feet six inches tall, has very large, deep-set brown eyes, a high forehead ending where his thin dark hair begins, and he radiates good humor.

As he talks of evangelistic work he modestly minimizes his own part in it, but he is all enthusiasm when it comes to discussing what Gypsy Smith Jr. is trying to do to make the world better.

Has Earned Laurels.

Despite his youth, Professor Cole already has earned laurels in his chosen field by choir leading in churches, Y. M. C. A. buildings and at services for seven or eight days. Born in Erie, Pa., he sang in the Central Presbyterian Church there until he was called as leader of a choir in another church. At that time he was a bank teller and devoted his spare time to choir work because he was interested in it and realized the possibilities for good in it.

Because of his successful demonstration of his ability as a musical director, he was urged by church workers to give his entire time to it. Heeding the advice of his friends he went to the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, and took a course in evangelistic singing and directing.

Joins Gypsy Smith Jr.

Leaving there he became choir leader for the Rev. J. M. Wood, an evangelist, who achieved great success in the Middle West. Prof. Cole remained with Evangelist Wood until the latter's death in 1913.

He then went to Memphis, Tenn., where for two years he served as assistant to the pastor of the Central Baptist Church, having charge of the choir, and also directed the music at the Y. M. C. A. meetings.

It was in Memphis that Professor Cole and Gypsy Smith Jr. met, in November, 1915. The earnestness, sincerity and enthusiasm of each impressed themselves on the other, and they decided to unite to spread the Gospel in song and story.

Full of Dynamic Force.

Professor Cole is the embodiment of nervous energy and the personification of enthusiasm. He is full of dynamic force and enterprise. Although stockily built, he is lithe and rhythmic in his movements. He uses no balun to direct large choirs, choruses, but controls the time and volume of the singing by swaying his body and waving one hand, while in the other he holds a hymn book.

Besides being a capable director, he is also the possessor of a rich, clear, baritone voice of great volume and clarity, and his bell-like notes may be heard even above those of large numbers of chorus singers.

His Favorite Hymn.

His favorite hymn, the one he believes breathes the greatest joy and makes the biggest popular appeal, is one entitled "I'm Dwelling in Beulah Land."

Prof. Cole is a past master in the extracting of beautifully blended melody from large bodies of singers. He uses the simplest, time-worn hymns, the kind your grandmother used to sing in her girlhood, and brings out of them all the sweetness, comfort, solace, joy and gladness.

NEW AUTO SUPPLY COMPANY.

The American Auto Supply Company, 1308 H street northwest, has filed articles of incorporation with the recorder of deeds.

The corporation has a capital stock of \$2,000, with thirty shares of \$100 each. The trustees are John P. H. Wilmut, William K. Coakley, Edward Turner, Robert T. Long, and Frank H. Coakley. Attorney Robert H. Long represents the incorporators.

WILTON FUNERAL TODAY.

Funeral services for Charles Wilton, eighty-one years old, and a veteran of the Crimean War, are being held from the residence of his son, Ralph C. Wilton, 1325 Twenty-second street, this afternoon. Interment will be in Arlington National Cemetery.

GRAVEURE EXCEEDS ALL EXPECTATIONS.

Baritone Charms in Joint Recital at National With Beatrice Harrison.

When an artist who has been greatly heralded more than fulfills one's expectations, the experience is a most gratifying one. It proved the case with Graveure, the baritone, who was heard in joint recital yesterday afternoon at the National Theatre, with that charming "cellist," Beatrice Harrison, in the sixth concert of the increasingly popular Ten Star Series.

Louis Graveure is a new experience in the recital world. He brings an art, that ranges from the subtlest tones, that charming "cellist," Beatrice Harrison, in the sixth concert of the increasingly popular Ten Star Series. Louis Graveure is a new experience in the recital world. He brings an art, that ranges from the subtlest tones, that charming "cellist," Beatrice Harrison, in the sixth concert of the increasingly popular Ten Star Series.

Art or Personality?

Is it art or is it personality? Is it a rare gift of imagination that made the comedy of the Hugo-Wolf "Mausfallen Spruchlein" or the tender humor of the exquisite Saint-Saens "Petite Malt" so irresistible? Many songs he sang twice, these among them, and four encores were given. His diction, whether French or English, needed no program notes to aid it, and though an actor-book was a decided asset to the recital.

The Duparc "L'invitation au voyage" was a French atmospheric thing with its mystery in the covered tones and its rare accompaniment. It held an analogy with the rich playing of "The Light of Home," by Linn Seller. This opened with a seascap for piano and then voice. It was tempo-toned and found its haven in rare tones and spirit—a beautiful song. The Herodiade "Vision Fugitive" of Massenet held lyric and dramatic beauties in its artistic rendition, while the Schubert "Orpheus" was a splendid declamation. The program of varied moods, delightfully portrayed, concluded with the splendidly executed old English "Flow, Thine Royal Purple Stream" of Arnold. The encores were "Pleading" of Elgar, the Pagliacci "Prologue," "Tommy Lad" of Margaretson, and the strange and gripping "Vale" by Russell.

Accompaniments Dominate.

The exquisite art of Beatrice Harrison that possesses so much color and grace of phrasing, so much variety of rhythm, and such lovely tones, was quite overshadowed by the dominant accompaniments of Frank Sibb, who proved himself a very artistic accompanist for Mr. Graveure. It seemed an impromptu arrangement that destroyed the art of a real artist.

Through Bach's "Chorale," the lovely Russian "Berceuse" of Rimsky-Korsakov, to the "Vito" of Popper which revealed most fully her artistry, Miss Harrison threaded a handicapped way. She responded with a rarely lovely rich playing of "Orientale" by Cui and tender song "Daisies" by Roger Quilter.

J. MacH.

TAYLOR FUNERAL MONDAY

U. S. Commissioner for District Was Ill But Short Time.

Funeral services for Judge Anson S. Taylor, for more than forty years United States Commissioner for the District of Columbia, who died Thursday, will be held at the Union M. E. Church, Twentieth street and Penn. avenue, on Monday at 2 o'clock. The Rev. John McMurray will officiate. Interment will be in Congressional Cemetery.

Among the active pallbearers will be Alexander Ashley, C. H. Harry, Fisher, William H. Cheesman, M. W. Fernandez, and William Ramsey. Judge Taylor was ill but a short time at Emergency Hospital, where he was taken from his home, 1209 Twenty-first street, when his condition became critical. He was in his seventy-ninth year, and was an active worker in the civic affairs of this city.

WHAT'S ON PROGRAM

Many Interesting Events of Importance Are Scheduled.

Today.

Meeting, Mt. Pleasant Citizens' Association, 8 p. m.
Brooklyn, Brooklyn Temple, 8 p. m.
Ministry, Bachelor's Club of the Young Men's Christian Association, Church of the Covenant, 8 p. m.
Membership social, Young Women's Christian Association, in building, 8 p. m.
Informal dinner, at home of William J. Pelee, by alumni of Kenyon College, University Club, 8:30 p. m.
Meeting, Biological Society of Washington, Cosmos Club, 8 p. m.
Conference of Conservative Patriots, under auspices of the National Society League, New Willard, all day and evening.